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ACROSS THE WAY

By SUSAN E. CLAGETT.

The cottage sat somewhat back from the road and across from a big, old-fashioned house, the very homeliness of which suggested comfort. The girl leaning on the gate leading to the cottage looked from the one to the other and nodded her head with satisfaction.

"It will do, if I can only make the others see it," she thought. "Even if the roof leaks there must be one or two of the rooms that are habitable and the place will be a riot of beauty when the June roses are in bloom. However, I see its possibilities because I so desire it. The place is really forlorn."

"Stick to the possibilities," a pleasant voice said behind her. "When the weeds are cut and a few nails are driven into missing planks you will not know it."

The girl turned with a start, her eyes cold. She had not realized she had spoken aloud. "It does look uncared for," the man continued, critically examining the cottage and its surroundings, "but I know its possibilities. If you wish, I will have it put in order at once."

"Are you the owner?" "I was born here. Strange how one lets the years pass without coming back. I have always meant to come, but never did. I think," he said reflectively, "that I have been waiting for just this." He turned and looked at her for the first time. "You are a stranger to the place."

She nodded toward the big house across the way. "I am visiting friends, but I would like to remain all summer if the cottage is practicable."

"It will be ready when you are ready," he declared.

At the dinner table that night she told of what she had done. Margaret Alden listened with troubled face.

"How could you, Nan?" she said at last. "You know how we want you with us."

"I know," Nan answered soberly, "but I must lead my own life, Margaret. Over there will be home, across the way will be you, my dearest friends, to call upon when—"

"Did he say what brought him?" Tom Alden interrupted.

"Who?" "The doctor—your prospective landlord." Then he chuckled. "I saw him in Washington ten days ago, but he said nothing about coming out. I wonder—yes, I did tell him you were staying with us. He seemed interested."

"Why, I never before saw the man." She had been in her home a month when the accident occurred that materially altered her outlook upon life. Up to that time she had been absorbed in her work as an illustrator and had succeeded beyond her utmost expectations. Then the seemingly impossible happened. She fell and broke her right arm and wrist—slipped upon the topmost step of the little stairway and fell to the bottom. Her mammy found her, a crumpled heap on the floor, and picked her up as Wallace Irwin knocked at the open door.

He did not hesitate. With skillful fingers and a sure knowledge as to what he was about he made the girl comfortable. As he put the finishing touches to the bandages she opened her eyes and looked straight into the keen gray ones above her. Even in her pain their expression puzzled her. She had seen that look in the eyes of other men, but that it should be in Wallace Irwin's caused her wonderment and annoyance.

Nan drew more within herself and he knew her reserve was due to his one moment of self-betrayal. Thereafter he was on his guard, but being a man of swift action he could not long tolerate delay, and a few days after the accident he demanded her attention.

"Why did you run away from me two years ago, Nan?"

"Run away? Why should I?" She hesitated, looking at him oddly. "Is it really you? I did not know it."

"I have searched for you everywhere," he answered gravely.

"That was unnecessary." Her eyes flashed. "Uncle Dick had no right to make me a party to such a will-to-please me out as he did his stocks and bonds. I preferred to make my own living, as I have done."

"True. But he did leave you to me with the stocks and bonds, and it was up to me to find you."

Her glance was curious. "Were you pleased to have a wife thrust upon you in so arbitrary a manner—to be forced to marry a girl, a stranger, because of the knowledge she would be penniless if you did not?"

He laughed. "I had seen you several times, and the venture did not look undesirable. But you gave me no chance to make good. That was unfair. As for the money, I don't want it, but I do want you. I want the opportunity to make you care. Will you give it to me?"

"If I did not feel like a bundle of gold certificates, I—perhaps—"

"Hang the money," he said roughly. "I can take care of you without it. But you are a little mixed. The certificates were mine, and I turned them over to the trustees the morning I met you here. I knew you would not come to me as long as I held them. Now, will you give me my chance?"

"If you really want it," she answered slowly. "I think I am glad to give it."

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THE KITCHEN CABINET

More of us get what we deserve than what we want.

It is all right to be a man with one idea, provided the idea is big enough.

EVERYDAY DISHES.

It is the every day foods that give variety without adding to the expense of the living which most housewives welcome.

Luncheon Ham.—Fill a medium sized baking dish with alternate layers of stale bread crumbs and finely minced ham. Cover with two cupsful of milk, three well-beaten eggs, a pinch of mustard mixed with the salt needed to season, a dash of red pepper and buttered crumbs reserved to place on top after it is set. Bake in a moderate oven the dish placed in hot water. Cook 40 minutes or until the custard is cooked.

Graham Bread.—To a pint of buttermilk add a teaspoonful of soda, half a cupful of sugar, one cupful of flour, one-half cupful of cornmeal and two cupfuls of graham flour, one-half cupful of molasses and a teaspoonful of salt. Bake one and a half hours. The sugar may be omitted if it is too sweet for the taste.

French Corn Muffins.—Cream a half cupful of butter with a half cupful of sugar, add a half cupful of sweet milk, three cupfuls of flour, one-half cupful of cornmeal and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted with the flour.

Baked Cabbage.—Soak a head of cabbage an hour in cold water, after cutting it into eighths, then boil ten minutes. Place it after draining into a baking dish, cover with a tablespoonful of butter mixed with a tablespoonful of flour, one cupful of milk and salt and pepper to taste. Cover with bread crumbs and bake one hour.

Lemon Pie With Two Crusts.—Chop fine one large tart apple, add one egg, the pulp and juice of a lemon, one cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, add a little of the lemon rind, but not any of the thick white inner rind. Bake slowly with two crusts.

Ham Patties.—Take one cupful of chopped ham mixed with two cupfuls of bread crumbs, add milk to moisten. Put the mixture into well-buttered gem pans and break an egg in each, sprinkle thickly with buttered crumbs and seasoning. Bake until the eggs are firm.

Nellie Maxwell

Don't Let Your Cough Hang On

A cough that racks and weakens is dangerous, it undermines your health and thrives on neglect. Relieve it at once with Dr. King's New Discovery. This soothing balsam remedy heals the throat, loosens the phlegm, its antireptic properties kills the germ and the cold is quickly broken up. Children and grown ups alike find Dr. King's New Discovery pleasant to take as well as effective. Have a bottle handy in your medicine chest for grippe, croup and all bronchial affections. At druggists, 50c.—Advertisement.

Golden Plover Flies Far.

The longest continuous flight of any bird is made by the golden plover. From Nova Scotia to the coast of South America the entire flight of 2,400 miles is accomplished without pause or rest.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

What's the Department For? "Wife, what's all this about? Here's a letter on fertilizers, stating that your farm needs so many tons to the acre." "It's all right, hubby. I sent a sample of soil to the agricultural department. My geranium hasn't been doing very well."—Judge.

Clear Away The Waste

Powel regularity is the secret of good health, bright eyes, clear complexions, and Dr. King's New Life Pills are a mild and gentle laxative that regulates the bowels and relieves the congested intestines by removing the accumulated waste without griping. Take a pill before retiring and that heavy head, that dull spring fever feeling disappears. Get Dr. King's New Life Pills at your druggists, 25c.—Advertisement.

Responsibility.

What an empty thing life would be without responsibility. The shut-in who is in life without the responsibilities of life provides responsibilities for others. His burden becomes lighter when he is made to feel that to another it is an incentive.



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Providing a Target.

With the spread of overland auto touring the milepost and guidepost are coming back into a prominence that is reminiscent of stage coach days. The leading problem of countries, states and auto associations in this line is the development of a signpost that will stand up under the abuse it almost invariably gets. One of the newest designs was developed by a prize contest in Illinois. The prize-winning design calls for a post which is built of concrete throughout. Another concrete post which is finding favor has even the names of towns and distances in concrete letters. In the West much damage is done by hunters and others, who shoot the signboards full of holes. The newest post in this region has its directions on one board, and a target specially painted on another, with the adjuration, "If you must shoot, shoot here!"

Aviators Encouraged.

Experts in the problems of American aviation are feeling more cheerful over our prospects in the field of flying as the result of the publication of a report by the British government on the British aviation corps. The report shows that at the beginning of the war Britain was little better prepared in the matter of airplanes than the United States is today. England had only 175 airplanes in July, 1914, according to the report, less than half of which were fit for service. The exact present strength is not made public, but it is admitted that Great Britain now has over 4,000 serviceable machines available.

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